THE BANNER-ENTERPRISE.

C. A. MEBANE, "GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES." Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE IS DEAD.

[We publish the following beautiful poem by request. It was written years ago by Jno K. Casey, ("Leo") when on his release from an English prison, where he had lain till almost at death's door, he returned to his home to find that his beloved young wife was dead.—Eb.]

I stand beneath the garden wall a strife
Of passion in my heart. I know not why,
Save the loss of all my love and life.

Tenderly twines the jasmine o'er my head;
Golden the wall flowers on the window sill;
And yet I only know that she is dead.

Oh! I could never couple death and her;
As soon the light and grim Tartarean gloom,
For I was then a burning worshipper.

A worshipper of heavenly truth and light,—
Truth as a staff, and light to show the way,—
And she did symbol both unto my sight.

I see her in the day-time and her mouth
Quivers with blessedness and love
Sweet as the tender musle of the South.

I see her in the night-time in robes of snow
And celestial whiteness of the eternal world,
Her calm brow shining with a starry glow.

I see before me a dreary vacancy
As if I walk blindfolded on the path,
For now my heart's white rose is lost to me.

Rain down your sweets, O jasmine, on my head!
Bloom red rose on the moss-rimmed garden wall;
My flower is not with thee, but with the dead.

DOLLY'S DESTINY.

'I shouldn't be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his horse at your gate,' said Mr. Blount, roguishly, gathering up the reins.

'Nonsense, brother! Anything the matter with his own hitching post?' retorted Miss Dolly turning in the doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp sayings that had kept her friend in good humor these forty years.

'And when David does call on you,' pursued Mr. Blount more seriously, 'I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more than fair, and the man won't be easy until he has freed his mind.'

'What mischief are you the forerunner of now, James Blount?' cried Miss Dolly, about like a soldier on drill. 'What facing on earth have I to do with David's errands?'

'Well, his wife has been dead a year or more,' said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye, and squinting with the other down the length of his whipstalk, 'and lateley he has been asking about you. You can put that and that together to suit yourself.'

'Fiddlesticks!' exclaimed Miss Dolly, energetically.

'I shan't say have him or don't have him—though there isn't a likelier man living than David—but I do say, Dolly, you ought to give him a hearing,' and having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his horse with it and drove away.

'Oh, my sorrows!' ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once, that a photographer might have copied her then and there.

Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by a trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's phisiogomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose. This organ gave tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally, as saying that she talked through a nasal whine. I mean simply in a metaphorical sense, this bold feature spoke loudly of energy. And Miss Dolly had abundant need of energy—else why the nose? Every two years during her childhood she had been tiptoed into the east bedroom to see a new baby, till at her mother's death, five little brothers fell to her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manhood.

'You can't bring up those boys,' groaned a dolorous aunt. 'They'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeda.'

'Let them run over me so long as it does not hurt 'em!' laughed Miss Dolly, skewing her flaxen hair with a goose-quill and tying a calico apron over her calico longshort, preparatory to "bringing up" said youths.

From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of everything, though it must be confessed that she had odds and ends to work with, as people usually do have who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties except matrimony. If that were a duty, it was one she wouldn't and couldn't attend to while her father and children needed her.

'Don't be silly, David!' said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her, whereupon David went off and married Olive Searle, the plainest looking girl in the parish.

This happened thirty years ago, and David was again wifeless and the current of his thoughts turned toward Dolly, who still lived at the old homestead at the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father had died some months before. Of the boys, James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms and the remaining three had gone west. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt that it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home especially as he owned as good a place as you can find on the river, while the Blount cottage was falling into decay.

He wouldn't let her former refusal tell against her, for as he looked back he couldn't really see how she could have married anyone at that period. She ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family, and, for his part, he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of mind when he asked James Blount with mock humility whether it would be of any use for him to try and make a bargain with Dolly.

'That's more than I can tell,' Mr. Blount had answered. 'Dolly's a puzzle; you'll have to find out yourself.'

Mr. Wiggin smiled in complacent anticipation of acceptance; indeed if it might not seem like reproach to his lost Olive, I should say the kind-hearted man rejoiced in this opportunity of making Miss Dolly's happiness. Benevolence was in his face, benevolence was in his spirit, as he sallied forth at an early day to acquaint her with her good fortune. The broken harrow which he had strapped into the wagon to give the neighbors a plausible reason for his trip to the Falls was by no means typical of mental laceration to its owner. His feeling as he approached Miss Dolly's moss grown cottage was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his wife for leaving a vacancy there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned faithfully for Olive a year and a day.

Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering catnip. She had built a chip fire under the tea kettle and then whisked off to pick an aprontul of the pungent leaves while the water was boiling. There she was stooping beneath the eaves of a log-cabin sun bonnet, humming a lively tune when Mr. Wiggin drove up.

'Come, my beloved, haste away.

piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping away briskly at the stalks.

"'Cut short the hours of your delay;
Fly like a youthful—'"

'Fly like a youthful—' struck in a wheezy bass.

The sun-bonnet tipped back like a cart-body.

'Sakes alive!' cried Miss Dolly, not in the words of the hymn, as Mr. Wiggin strode toward her on his slightly rheumatic legs.

'I didn,t mean to put you out.' he laughed; 'but it seemed kind o' nateral to take part with you in 'Invitation.' '

'You always had a way of falling in at the most unheard of time, I remember,' retorted Miss Dolly, saucily, recovering herself and going on gathering catnip.

'You used to say I kept good time, only too much of it,' pursued Mr. Wiggin, with a sudden inspiration; 'but I tell you what Dolly time never did drag with me more than it does these days.'

'It is a dull season,' said Miss Dolly with exasperating simplicity. 'I suppose the grasshoppers have eaten most of your wheat—haven't they—so it'll hardly pay for reaping?'

"Just so,' assented Mr. Wiggin discomfited.

He had not travelled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of the crops.

'Walk in and sit down, won't you?' said Dolly, with reluctant hospitality.

Her apron was crammed to its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been larger.

'Well, yes, I don't care if I do,' answered Mr. Wiggin after a hypocritical show of hesitancy. 'I had a little business further on at the blacksmith's. No hurry, though, as I know,' and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly who meanwhile slipped through the fence, catnip and all. 'Bless my heart! I don't see but you are as smart as you ever was,' said he, as he puffed along in her wake. 'Still you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offence, I hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you living here a woman so?'

'Oh, I never was one of the lonesome kind,' responded Miss Dolly, briskly, seating her guest in the patchwork cushioned rocking-chair, "and for that matter hardly a day passes without some of James' folks running in.'

'Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation, wouldn't you enjoy life better, think?'

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green paper curtains and intimated that her happiness would be complete if the grasshoppers would stop feeding on her garden sauce.

'That's just it,' continued Mr. Wiggin, eagerly; you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests now don't you, Dolly? a man that will be ready and willing to do for you, and make you comfortable?'

'I don't know,' said Miss Dolly, dryly. 'The year father died I did have Silas Potter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him, my work was about double, but when mud-time came, I was glad to send him and hire by the day. I made up my mind that men folks around the house cost more than they come to.'

'I guess we don't understand one another,' said Mr. Wiggin slightly disconcerted at this unflattering view of his sex. 'I wasn't speaking of hiring help, Dolly. Naturally you would get tired of that. It's worrying to a woman. But if you was to have a companion, now—one that could give you a good home, with wood and water under cover—'

'Shoo! shoo!' cried Miss Dolly, flying out after an inquiring chicken on the door step.

Mr. Wiggin drew his red handkerchief from his hat to wipe his glowing face. Certainly he had not felt the heat so bad through haying.

'How's your health, now-a-days?' asked Miss Dolly, frisking back with a look of resolute unconsciousness.

'Very good; remarkable good! I don't know where you will find a man with a tougher constitution than I have got.'

'Ah!' and Dolly blushed like a sumac in October.

'Yes, I'm well,' pursued Mr. Wiggin, perseveringly, 'and I'm tolerably well to-do, with noth ing to hinder my marrying again, providing I can see a woman to my mind.

'There's the deacon's widow,' suggested Dolly, officiously; 'she's pious, economical—'

'She's left with means enough to carry her through handsomely,' interrupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly. 'Now I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on a little woman that I want this very minute.'

He had both eyes on her for that matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to recognize the situation, whether she accepted it or not;

'I've managed to sweeten my tea so far, David, without calling on my neighbors,' chirruped she, stooping to lay straight the braided mat. 'and I might as well keep on. I don't feel it a tax as some folks would, But there's Martha Dunning she's having a hard time to get along. Why don't you take her, David? She'd appreciate such a nice home as yours.'

'It would seem as if most any woman might,' said Mr. Wiggin in an injured tone; 'all finished off complete, painted outside and in—'

'She'd be delighted with it—I'm sure of it!' broke in Miss Dolly, with an air of conviction, as she darted into the kitchen to lift the boiling kettle from the crane.

'But you don't mean that you won't marry me, Dolly!' pleaded Mr. Wiggin, anxiously following her to the door. 'I have been doting on seeing you at the head of things at my house.

'Martha is a good manager,' said Miss Dolly, coolly. 'David needn't think he can buy me with a new suit of buildings,' added she, mentally, snapping down the lid of the pug nosed teapot. 'I never did have the name of being eroping.'

'I tell you, Dolly, I won't have Martha. I don't like her turn!' cried Mr. Wiggin, testily balancing himself on the threshold yet not daring to step over it.

Miss Dolly gave her undivided attention to winging the hearth.

'You know you was always the woman of my choice, Dolly,' pursued Mr. Wiggin, as tenderly as he could consistently with the distance between them. 'And when we were both young—'

'Pshaw!' snapped Dolly, scorching her wing, 'that's beyond the memory of man.'

Mr. Wiggin's position was becoming painful. Miss Dolly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth and position, nor even by tender allusions to the past. He would appeal to her kindness of heart.

'I used to believe you had some feeling, Dolly,' he said tremulously; 'but you don't seem to have any for me. Here I am left here all alone in the world; children all paired off, 'thout's Matilda, and she'll go before the snow flies; house empty—'

'I suppose you can have a home with any of your boys and welcome,' put in Miss Dolly, still fluttering about the chimney like a swallow.

'Yes, if worse comes to worse, I suppose I can,' assented Mr. Wiggin mournfully, anything but consoled by his reflection. It would break me up terribly, though, you may depend, to give up my place that I set so much by and crowd on my children.'

No response save the clattering of the tongs.

'And its dreadful melancholy business for a man at any time of life to drag along without a partner. I'm getting too old, Dolly, and Mr. Wiggin brushed his sleeve across his eyes as a ferruled school boy might have done. 'Yes, I'm getting to be old Dolly, and it stands to reason that I haven't many years to live; but I did hope that we might go down hill together, Dolly, you chirking me up with that spry way of your'n that I always took to, and carrying the heft of—'

Here Miss Dolly gave a little sniff, nothing worth mentioning only for the effect it produced on Mr. Wiggin.

'Can't you make up your mind to have me, Dolly?' pleaded Mr. Wiggin. 'I don't see how I am going to stand it if you can't.''

Then Miss Martha wouldn't suit,' said Miss Dolly, archly. 'What a shame now, when she needs property so much!'

Hang the property! I'd mortgage the whole of it rather than not get you!' cried Mr. Wiggin, with a vehemence that quite closed her mouth.

And so at last he had his Dolly.

IMPORTANCE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Correspondence of the Goldsboro Messenger.

The tendency, at the present day, is to attempt the development of the intellectual and ethical at the expense of, or by ignoring the physical. I say attempt, for, according to the researches of modern physiologists; the mental and moral endowments of man, while in themselves immaterial forces, are, nevertheless, forces the product of all action. In other words, they are immaterial results of organized matter in state of healthy activity. According to the teaching of physiology, the gray matter of the brain is the essential material for originating the intellectual and ethical faculties. Furthermore, it teaches, that the quality and force of these, is measured by the extent of surface occupied by the gray or cortical portion of the brain, and the degree of healthy activity of which it is capable.

If these conclusions, based as they are on careful experiment and research, be true; it is evident that, without matter, there can be no mind as such, and that the quality and force of the mind, is in direct proportion to the quality and quantity of the gray matter of the brain.

Now, there cannot be a sufficient quantity nor a good quality of gray matter in the brain, without a good nervous system, and there cannot be a healthy and well developed nervous system without a constant supply of new, healthy material, together with the constant escape of the old and effete products. Then, what does this state of things imply? It implies the necessity of an abundant supply of pure healthy blood, and a normal activity of the organs, which eliminate the waste, poisonous material, and hasten its escape from the system. These processes of repair and purifying of the brain elements imply a generous and healthy digestion, a healthy circulation and assimilation, a healthy respiration and a healthy set of excretory glands. Now, health means hygiene, and hygiene has its laws, which are as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The laws of hygiene demand an abundance of pure air of the requisite temperature, an unlimted supply of pure water, for both internal and external use; wholesome food, taken at proper intervals, and in proper quantities, comfortable clothing, carefully adapted to climate changes; the strictest neatness in person and apparel; plenty of exercise in the open air and sunshine, and prolonged sleep at night, protected the while from the damp atmosphere.

It is, by respecting and obeying these laws, that the best mind and the purest morals can be developed, and any forced attempt to develop the mental and ethical at the sacrifice of the physical, will fail in securing any permanent good, as the violation of natural law always fails to bring the good so eagerly sought.

No purpose or pursuit in life, however worthy in itself, can receive any real accession from us, by our trespassing upon nature's laws, in order to arrive at the desired end, by short cuts and cunning manoeuvres. Nature's teachings are plain and practical when rightly interpreted, but they will not admit of insult or violation without evoking a penalty upon the culprit, commensurate with the offense.

If we inquire into the systems of training to which the young are subjected at the present day, and inspect the home and social influences which prevail throughout the civilized world, we shall be confronted by the absurd exhibition of a world in the pursuit of knowledge and glory by ignoring and trampling under foot higher knowledge and more enduring glory. In our eagerness to gain renown and the applause of men, or, perhaps, allured by the insidious beckonings of luxury and sensual indulgence, or fascinated by the gild and glitter of fashionable life, the plain and practical teachings of nature are unheeded, and thus is laid the foundation of physical degeneracy, and physical degeneracy will, sooner or later, end in mental debility or alienation. The chances are that a bad physical constitution will be accompanied by a more or less inferior mental capacity, and a good phisique have, as an outgrowth, a vigorous and well balanced mind. For this reason it is of the highest importance that the physical training of the young be scrupulously attended to, at whatever cost. If learning and fame be the chief objects of life, as some modern ideas of education seem to intimate, then the most solid learning and the most enduring fame will be reached by developing the mind in harmony with the physical laws, which underly its existence and regulate its growth and maintain its healthy activity. By insuring to the brain an abundant supply of pure nutritious blood, and favoring the elimination from it of waste and poisonous materials, giving it a due amount of recreation and repose, is to place it in the most favorable condition for its own development, and hastens the evolution of those forces known as the intellectual and ethical.

As every other organ of the body requires the exercise of its peculiar function before that function attains its legitimate power, so the brain is no exception to this law, but for the production of its function, of perceiving, reflecting, conceiving and judging, requires healthy exercise, according to certain specific rules. Giving it this exercise, according to its own laws and requirements, constitutes, or should constitute, education. It is, to all intents and purposes, the only true, because the only natural system of education. Poring over books in an ill-ventilated, improperly constructed, and horribly furnished room, from morning till night, does not constitute education. Neither does cramming the mind with history, mathematics, or the languages, perchance by the light of the midnight lamp, make one an educated man. He may be full of knowledge to the overflowing but the chances are that he will have very little wisdom. If in our ambition to gain knowledge or fame, we neglect the laws of our physical development, our knowledge will be a token of our folly, and our fame as short lived as our wisdom.

To him whose physical development has been uniform and symmetrical, so that each organ is capable of healthfully performing its specific function there is no limit to the possibilities of future attainments and usefulness. But the emaciated and feeble invalid, with not a sound organ in his body, and whose wretched existence is crowded with aches and pains, of what use is his eagerly sought knowledge to him or to his fellowmen? His current value is about equivolent to a fifty dollar encyclopaedia, and hardly a just equivolent, considering the non-expensiveness and indefinite duration of the encyclopoedia. If men and women will persist in neglecting the laws of nature and "bring upon themselves swift destruction" we have nothing to say beyond an imperfect attempt to define what seems to us, a better way. But for the children of the land, who are in a measure helpless, and irresponsible; we offer a protest against the unnatural methods by which they are trained. If the generation of men and women will not stop its mad career, after wealth, power and fame, and consider the impetuous leaps it is making toward physical bankruptcy and intellectual poverty, may it, at least, listen to a plea in behalf of the generation of children. In America at least, nervous disorders of a functional character, are on the increase to such an alarming extent as to call forth from one of the most original investigators in this special department, a work on "American Nervousness." The author of this treatise lays special stress on the peculiarities of American civilization as an important factor in the construction of physical degeneracy. Its characteristic hurry and excitement, the impetuous rush after the "almighty dollar," its endless worries and disappointments, owing to the free competition in social and political life, the faulty educational systems in vogue, and last, but not least, the high pressure rate at which fashionable life is moving all classes and all ages; causes such as these combined to keep up such a constant strain and excitement of the nervous system as to exhaust beyond the power of the vital forces to recuperate, while we may not wholly stay the disastrous course modern life is taking, and, perhaps, have little influence over the opinions and customs of the present generation, let us, at least, begin to correct this growing evil, by giving such attention to the physical training of the children that they shall grow up to manhood and womanhood with well developed bodies, even at the cost of knowledge, wealth or power. The hope of the next generation lies in the children of this, and let us insure them symmetrical and healthy organisms, if, thereby, they only learn to speak their mother tongue, or fail to recite in order all the world's battles or detail the conquests of its heroes. Give them physical power and endurance though you fail to give them learning and wealth, for then learning and wealth will be their possible attainment.

Give them muscle and brain, at the risk of some loss of elegance of contour, and polish of manners, and you will bequeath to them the surest means to true grace, that of a grand manhood and a noble womanhood.

But physical training means something more than the mere development of muscle and nerve. It means such an orderly and systematic development of each organ and member of the body, that it is enabled to perform the highest function of which it is capable. It does not mean merely a healthy and well developed brain, as a part of the general system, but it means a brain trained according to such order and law that it is capable of performing its normal function with alacrity and vigor. Then, in what does physical training consist as distinguished from mere physical devlopment? It consists essentially in methods and processes, calling forth the function of an organ or member, by a systematic and orderly development of an organ, with the view of increasing its power to functionalize healthfully. In other words, it is education based on physical law, and physical development, with artificial appliances and scientific methods, subservient to the physical order of development. In short, it is getting back to nature, and making the processes of education conform to her laws.

In as much as the artificial life of the present day, is destroying it may be by imperceptible degrees, but none the less surely destroying the vitality of the human race, the only mean of escape, from the impending danger is to descend the dizzy and trecherous heights and get back into nature's plain but substantial walks. If her ways seem narrow and hedged in by rigid and sharply drawn lines, there are unfathomable depths filled with the richest gems of human happiness, and there are enduring heights which lead up to the gates of the Eternal City. For, to get back to nature in the absolute, is to get back to God, which, in its complete acceptation, implies the superhuman process of regeneration. This perfect accord with the laws of nature and this harmonious blending of the human with the divine, has in it the elements of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice but it has in it also the elements of hope, strength and perpetuation.

THE RISK OF TOO MUCH COTTON.

A correspondent says the Charleston, (S. C.) *Weekly News and Courier*, under the signature of "Observer" writes from Stateburg, giving a most doleful account of his cotton fields from the late heavy rains and high winds (many others have suffered from the excessive drought,) and asks us to tell him what "method" we can recommend for farmers to obtain more for their cotton next year—that if "the cotton buyers and merchants do not allow a little more for our cotton than they give now, we will not be able to pay our debts."

Now, in the first place, it must be observed that cotton buyers and merchants are controlled by the market prices of cotton. They cannot give more than the market permits without loss to themselves. These prices are easily adjusted in every cotton buying region by the extra cost of shipment to the larger cotton markets at the seaports. When we keep in mind that in addition to our 7,000,000 bales raised in this country there is also a large supply from other quarters of the world, and that the price of cotton is virtually regulated in England, the great world market, it will be seen at once that cotton buyers here are helpless about prices as the farmers themselves. They must either buy at these prices or not at all.

As to the condition of the farmers who trust too much to their cotton crop without first making due provision for their food supplies, they are only feeling the effects of a bad system which the agricultural papers have been warning them against for many years.

The terrible drought of the past season all over the country—the work of caterpillars in some regions, tornadoes and excessive rains in others—all these are risks which they have to encounter every year. Is it wise, therefore, to trust the whole of our season's labor in the cotton field? Is is not more prudent to secure a good food supply first, and then devote spare labor to cotton?

THE ORANGE CROP.

Last year the Florida orange crop, in the estimation of some of the best judges, amounted to about 50,000,000 oranges or 330,000 boxes of 150 each and that of the present year will amount to 102,000,000 oranges or 600,000 boxes. The oranges averaging less in size than last year. At an average value of $3 per box this will bring into that State $1,800,000. The Jacksonville *Herald* says it will require 2,400 cars to transport this crop, and as the yield promises to double every year these figures will attain enormous proportions by the end of the present decade. Nor should there be any anxiety about over-production. With a production of 60,000,000 in 1890, and a yield of 1,000,000,000 oranges, the supply would then, be only sufficient to give every man, woman an child in the country a fraction more than one orange each. monthly.

A son of Kossuth is a married man in Illinois. He is said to be doing well.

THE MOUNTAIN BELLE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

"What troubles my darling?" I pensively said,
As I pressed the hand of my mountain belle,
And marked the flush on her fair cheek spread,
And her bosom throb like the ocean's swell.
Her radiant eyes were turned to mine,
And her sweet lips moved as if in prayer;
She stood in the twilight a being divine,
With moon beams caught in her glorious hair.
"What troublee my darling? Nay, answer and tell—
Oh! light of my soul, confide in me!"
Her red lips moved, but no answer fell;
And her heavenly eyes gazed wistfully.
Oh! she was fair as the Peris are,
And I was thrilled in that twilight hour;
And I laid my hand on her brow so fair,
And shook from her hair a golden shower.
"What troubles my darling? I conjure you speak,
For the sun has fused all the golden west."
I saw love's banner unfurled on her cheek,
And drew her gently unto my breast.
Her red lips parted * * * I heard a tone—
A tone that filled my bosom with bliss;
She murmured soft as the wind harp's moan:
"I'm out of snuff and I vants a chaw!"

—*Francis C. Long, in the Washington Evening Star.*

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

It is said that the greatest vigor of mind and body are attained at about the age of 35. From this time until the age of 42 we remain at the height of our strength, and then we begin slowly to descend the hill towards old age, losing little by little the gracefulness and elasticity of youth, and the clearness and strength of mind and muscle that characterize the prime of life.

What a man is at 40 he generally will be more or less all his life; at least there is little hope of a change for the better. The habits are then formed and fixed almost beyond the hope of change; the fortune made, if it is to be made at all; the social and family relations decided for better or for worse; and the character of the individual almost irrevocably stamped for time and for eternity.

It has been said that if a man is not handsome at twenty, wise at thirty, rich at forty, and honored at fifty, he will never be handsome, wise, rich or honored, and the same is true of woman. In early life the years go slowly, in middle life they pass more quickly, and as we advance they seem to fly more and more rapidly, till a year seems no longer to us than once seemed a month or a week.

For those who have passed the meridian of life, certain suggestions may be useful as a means of prolonging life and usefulness.

1. Take time to rest. The intervals of repose must be more frequent and periods of labor less severe and prolonged as life goes on. Certain duties must be given up to the younger members of the family. It may be a little hard to give them up but as the years go by we must be content to do less, to take less active part and a less conspicuous place in the scene of our former labors.

We must give up work. Exercise of the faculties is necessary to keep them in good order. Nothing tends to make one grow old faster than to give up altogether the customary business or occupation. Interesting employment for the faculties is as essential to health and happiness in age as in youth, but more time must be taken for rest, more time for pleasant reading, and healthful recreation, and quiet social enjoyment.

2. As strength of brain and body decline we must not only assign to ourselves less laborious mental and bodily labor, but we must remember that the digestive powers are not so strong as formerly, and be careful to choose such food as we have found by observation and experience to be best suited to our temperament and idiosyncrasies, carefully avoiding what has proved injurious, and choosing what is nourishing and easily digested.

3. Excitement, excesses and irregularities of all kinds must be carefully avoided.

A bright and happy old age is always characterized by tranquility and cheerfulness.

It is a blessed thing that the heart never grows old. The sight may grow dim, the hair whiten, the strength fail, the steps totter, but our love for our dear ones is as warm and true as ever.

Love never dies, never grows old, and as with advancing years the number of loved ones not lost, but gone before, increases, with what joyful anticipations may we not think of the not far distant time when they will be ready to welcome us to that beautiful world where free from all sorrow, sin and pain we may rejoice with them forever. There alone may we find the fountain so long sought but never found, the spring of perpetual youth. There every faculty and power of heart and brain will be renewed and enlarged. Happy for us if we have ever loved the good, the true and the beautiful, for our ruling love here will there be developed, and make our joy or misery.

Let us cultivate more and more a broad charity towards all, and a firm confidence in our heavenly Father's love to us that will enable us to receive with thanksgiving not only every joy but every trial and sorrow, knowing that whatever He sends us is for our best good.

'Look forward, and not backward, outward and not inward, upward and not downward, and lend a helping hand.'

So shall the peaceful sunset of life be but the prelude to a glorious hereafter.—*Household.*

A TRIUMPH IN SURGERY.

Detroit News.

A remarkable operation was performed by Dr. Eugene Smith yesterday before a clinic of the Detroit Medical College at St. Mary's Hospital, a number of medical students being present by courtesy to witness the operation. The subject was Fred Meyers, aged 19, who had been totally blind for several years on account of an inflammation which caused the lower lid of each eye to grow up over the ball and pupil. Dr. Smith's operation yesterday consisted first of dissecting away the overgrown lid. In doing this the conjunctive or mucous membrane necessarily came away with it, leaving the eyeball unprotected. The patient was under the influence of chloroform. and a live rabbit had been procured and also placed under anesthetic. Skillfully removing the conjunctiva from one of the rabbit's eyes. Dr. Smith placed it over the ball of the patient's eye and sewed it into place. The operation seemed entirely successful, and after Meyers has recovered and is able to use the eye, the other will be operated upon in a similar manner. The transplanting of the conjunctiva or mucous membrane from the eye of an animal to that of a human being has been successfully performed in a few rare cases in Europe, but yesterday's operation was the first of the kind every attempted in this country.